THE YOUTH'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE

TEMPERANCE BANNER

MONTHLY.

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For The Banner.

POP-CORN.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

Pop! pop! p-r-r-r-r-r! pop! pop! went the corn in the popper, and the children were having a delightful time. They lived on a large farm in Illinois, and two little cousins (Mary and Louie from New York) were with them on a visit. The children were showing their city cousins how pop-corn is made. Little Louie was inclined to be frightened. She said she "didn't know corn was made out of fire-crackers before."

Her manly little cousin, Eddie, put his arm around her and told her not "to be 'fraid, 'cause pop-corn never shoots anybody."

Mary said she "never thought pop-corn was made that way." She "thought it grew in balls like apples." She said, "Is that all corn is used for?"

"I should think not," said Harry, who was popping the corn. "They make lots of things out of corn."

"I have just thought of something," said Lizzie, the oldest girl. "It will be real fun. Now every one must think of something that is made of corn, and the one who cannot think of anything must pay a forfeit. Now, Harry, you begin, because you are the oldest."

"Pork," said Harry, "'cause that's what we feed the hogs on. Now, Mary, it's your turn."

"Corned beef," said Mary.

Then there were shouts of laughter.

"Corned beef is corned in brine, not with corn," said Harry.

"Then why do they call it corned beef?" questioned Mary.

"I guess it's because it has to be in liquor to get corned," answered Harry.

"Yes, but they feed cattle on corn," said Eddie, coming to his cousin's defense.

"Well," said Lizzie, "I don't know whether that answer will do or not. I'll ask papa when he comes in. Now, Eddie, it's your turn."

"Hush!" shouted Eddie.

"Now it's my turn, and I say *johnny-cake*," said Lizzie. "Now, Fanny."

"Corn starch," said Fanny.

"What do you say, Louie?"

"I dess I'll say corn-plaster, 'cause dat's what ma called it when she put it on her toe."

Then you should have heard them laugh and clap their hands.

"Now, Harry, it's your turn again."

"They use it for fuel," said Harry, "for I was reading in the paper that in some parts of Kansas they find it cheaper to burn than coal."

"I should think that very wicked," said Mary, "to burn what God gave for food. But, Harry, you laughed at me just now, because I knew so little about corn. Now, how tall did you ever know corn to grow?"

"Why, we had some ten feet high, this summer."

"Well," said Mary, "I've seen Corn-in, New York, and it was half a mile long."

"Oh, my!" said Lizzie. "Oh, crackey!" said Eddie.

"It's either a joke of some kind, or an awful big story," said Harry.

"It's true," said Mary. "Here comes Uncle John; I'll ask him. Uncle, haven't you seen Corn-in, New York, and wasn't it half a mile long?" And she whispered in his ear.

Uncle John smiled, and said Mary was correct.

"But, papa," said Harry, "how could it be? Why, if it was half a mile high it couldn't stand."

"But Mary said *long*, not *high*."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, considerable in this case."

"Oh, do tell us," said Eddie.

"I'll say this much," said Uncle John. "It is planted on the Erie Railroad; all trains stop to let off those who wish to see it. Get a time-table and see if you can find the place. You begin at Hornellsville, and come east."

"How can we find it by looking at a time-table?" asked Harry.

"If you are smart I think you can find the place by reading the names of the stations."

Harry brought a time-table and began to call off the names: "Hornellsville, Canisteo, Corning"—

"You must say *New York* after Corning," interrupted Mary.

"Oh, pshaw! it's a town," said Harry, and he threw down the time-table. "I knew there must be a sell somewhere; but say, it's Corn-*ing*, not Corn-*in*."

"Yes," said Uncle John, "that *g* does weaken the joke a little, but it is pretty good for all that. But, children, you were just now trying to think of the many things into which corn is converted, and I was astonished because none of you mentioned the very worst purpose to which corn is put. Mary thought it was wicked to use it as fuel, and at first sight it does look that way, but making it into the stuff I refer to is ten thousand times worse than burning it or throwing it into the sea."

"What is it, papa?"

"If Mary had said corned man instead of corned beef, she would not have been so far astray."

"Oh, I know," said Harry, "you mean whiskey."

"Yes, and millions of bushels of corn is made into whiskey that might go to feed thousands of starving people, but instead of feeding them it is made into a stuff that keeps them poor, ragged, and hungry. Last Thanksgiving day Mary's and Louie's father and I went to the Five Points Mission-House to see the children take their Thanksgiving dinner. There were several hundred poor children. Some of them were quite pretty. I asked the superintendent why there were so many poor, and he said the few we saw was like only a drop in the bucket to the number of poor that could be found in the city. I asked what was the cause of so much poverty in this rich country, and he answered in one word—whiskey. I wondered if any man who was making money out of whiskey would ever be able to sleep at night, after seeing what we saw, and knowing what had caused all this suffering and want."

"Say, papa, will you let us do something?" asked Lizzie.

"That depends on what it is."

"Let us children make a whole barrel of pop-corn balls and send it to the Mission for next Thanksgiving."

"Two barrels," said Eddie.

"Well," said papa, "I'll give the corn and the barrels."

"I'll pop the corn," said Harry.

"And Fanny and I will buy the sugar with our pocket money," said Lizzie.

"I want to help make the balls," said Mary.

"Well, I'll boss the whole job; there isn't anything else left for me to do," said Eddie.

They were all in great glee, but the cheering and clapping of hands at the Mission when the pop-corn is distributed, will far exceed the noise at the farm, when the poor children are told the story of how it was sent. Uncle John did indeed speak truly, for corn is worse than wasted when made into drink.

For The Banner.

BOB'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

BY MARY E. SWEETSER.

"I DECLARE, if that ain't Will Farley's father, as drunk as he can be. It's a shame; Will's such a jolly boy. Tom Stone's father drinks too. I can't do anything with the old topers, but I do believe I'll give the boys a temperance lecture. I can invite a lot of 'em to our barn-loft, and after the speechifying we'll have nuts and apples, then they'll be sure and come. I know mother'll let me, because she's real strong *abstinence*. I'll ask aunt Susan to help fix up my speech—no, I won't either; I guess if I can write a composition I can put together some kind of a temperance talk. It will be sorter tough, though." A subdued expression passed over Bob's animated features as he continued his silent conversation with himself. "I do believe I'll put that lecture thought into my head. I asked Him, this morning, to tell me what I could do for Him. He'll help me, no mistake."

By this time Bob had reached his own doorway, and bounding into the sitting-room, where his mother and aunt were sewing, he was not long in unfolding his plan to them, and receiving their approval.

A week later, the "teetotaler meetin'," as Bridget named it, was called to order at twenty-two minutes past three. The appointed hour had been "three o'clock sharp," but the audience were not easily suited as regarded seats. Bob's four-year-old sister Bessie was determined to sit on the "up place," until Bob roused her timid fears, and persuaded her to descend, by telling her that only those who spoke a piece should be on the platform, with which term he dignified two boxes, one on top of the other, over which a horse-blanket had been unevenly thrown. Three boys who wished to occupy the same seat, found it necessary to try every board in the room before they were sure which was the longest; while two girls arranged and rearranged their shawls as cushions, on one seat after another. At first, Bob had said, "No girls admitted. They don't drink"; but when his sister Fan begged to join the fun, and argued that ladies always were at temperance meetings, and that they ought to know how to "talk up" to their brothers and cousins against drinking, he consented to her coming and bringing her "dearest friend," Kate, with her, adding the condition that she should not laugh at him, whatever he said.

At last, Bob mounted his stand with considerable dignity until his foot caught in the folds of the blanket, causing his movements to be more suitable for a gymnast than an orator. Kate giggled, but Bob's frown and Fan's nudge speedily subdued her.

"Shall we open the services this evening—hem—this afternoon, by singing 'The Robin's Cold Water Song'?"

"No, sing ''Ock a by baby,' 'at 'eel pitty," said Bessie.

"Hush! you mustn't speak in meeting," whispered Kate.

"'Tain't church-'ouse, it's papa's barn," pouted Bessie.

After the song had been rendered with much spirit, Bob straightened himself, pulled down his wristbands, and with a backward toss of his curly hair, began:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I mean girls and boys of the coming generation,—I am to speak to you this afternoon upon a very *momentum* subject." Here a very slight ripple of laughter reaching his ear, sent the burning blood into his cheeks. "How hot it is," he thought.

"The sexton," said he, with a superior air,—"that's you, Allan," he whispered, turning to his younger brother,—"will please lower the windows."

"There ain't but one, and that won't let down, it only raises up," drawled Tim, the stable-boy.

"I'll do it," said Ned White, springing to his feet, and in his haste to reach the window before Allan, he upset the pitcher of water Bob had considered "the thing" for a speaker to have near him.

"Too much water outside," said Ed Merwin, "guess I'll quit," and he pretended to rush for the door, but soon settled down again, with the look which is on a boy's face when he is wide awake for any sport.

After a degree of quiet had been restored Bob commenced again:

"I shall introduce this subject in three parts. Firstly, by drinking alcoholic *beverages* you hurt yourself. Secondly, you may hurt other people. Thirdly, you help other people to hurt themselves.

"Firstly, there are many ways in which you hurt yourself. I will elucidate but four this afternoon. You make yourself sick, dreadful sick. I cannot speak at present from my own individual experience, never having been a drunkard, but——"

"When are you going to be one?" said Arthur Clay, in a very audible whisper.

"I have heard and read," continued Bob, taking no notice of the interruption, "some shocking stories, true ones, about men who have seen snakes, and who thought they were going to bite them, and they would try to get away from them, but couldn't. It's like the way our temperance text says: 'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,'—an adder's a kind of serpent, you know. It don't make you feel this way at first, it only gives you an awful headache, but it surely will 'at the last,' just as the verse says.

"Then it makes you go with people that ain't good. Now, there's John Gould, he used to be in our Sabbath-school, and he was real intimate with Squire Tyler's son, and went to lots of tip-top parties with him. I know, because my brother Dick and Ned Tyler are always together, and Dick used to speak about seeing John; but since he began to drink he's got [illegible] and out riding with some rough, wicked boys.

"And drinking takes heaps of money, so there isn't any left to buy clothes or food or anything. You know how poor Mr. French is? Well, my father was saying the other day, that he remembered when he was the richest man in town, but he got poor by drinking.

"But the very worst harm it does you is, it makes you wicked in your heart, so you can't ever get to heaven. It's true, 'cause the Bible says so. Ever since I learned that verse it makes me feel awfully whenever I see a drunkard, and seems as if I must do something to stop 'em.

"But I must progress on to my secondly. You may hurt other people. I sha'n't need to say much about this, because you all remember how terribly banged-up Tim O'Brien was when he came to school the day after his father had that spree, and beat him so. A story I heard at the Temperance Club, last week, was the most dreadful. Miss Arnold told me after she finished reading. It was about a man who got so crazy from drinking that he didn't know what he was about, and threw something at his own little girl, that he loved dearly, and killed her. He felt so bad when he knew it, that it seemed as if he would die. See here, boys, Miss Arnold says you can join the club if you'll sign our pledge not to drink or smoke or swear. I've got some here all written out, and you can see them when I'm through."

"Hurry up, then," said one or two voices, in a low tone.

"When you goin' to keep 'till from preachin', broder Bob? I's te'bble tired," said little Bessie.

"Thirdly," continued Bob, in a flurried manner "You are a bad example if you drink, and somebody else is more likely to become a drunkard. It would be bad enough if you only did harm to yourself, but it's meaner to go to work and do a thing which you know will most likely ruin some one else.

"My finally, is to tell you how you can be sure not to drink. When I was in New York at my uncle's last winter, we boys were invited to a big spread. Oh! didn't we have a heap of nice things to eat. But there was wine, too. I didn't take any, of course, and nobody noticed till just before we were going back to the parlor, one of the boys handed me a glass, and taking another himself, said: 'Here's to your health.' As I set my glass on the table, he said; 'Why don't you drink it? That's the way, don't you know?' 'Yes,' I answered; 'but I don't drink.' Then he laughed, and the others laughed and sneered. If they hadn't been drinking they would not have been so impolite, whatever they thought. I had half a mind, I guess three-quarters of a mind, to drink a little, just for that once, I did feel so awkward, when that part of the Lord's prayer where it says, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' came right into my mind, and I tell you, I prayed it over and over, till I didn't care one bit if they did laugh. They were the ones that really ought to have been laughed at if anybody, for being so foolish as to take what would make them behave so ungentlemanly.

"Now, boys, you all say 'Our Father,' and if you truly pray that part with all your might God will help you so you won't ever drink a single drop. It's what kept me. That's all. Come and look at our pledges."

A general rush was made for the "platform," but notwithstanding the noise, there was an undercurrent of feeling which caused each one to handle the pledges with a certain degree of reverence. The reverse of Bob's thirdly, was true in the barn-loft that afternoon. Arthur Clay boldly signed his name on one of the cards, and that influenced Ed Merwin to do the same; and one by one they all followed the good example. If they live, as we will hope, according to their pledge, Bob's temperance lecture will not have been in vain.

For The Banner.

THE RESCUE.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

"I SHALL name it the *Rescue*," said Tom, as he had finally used the last of the adjectives at his command in praising the beautiful ship Uncle Robert had made for him. "And that's because *you've* been such a rescuer, Uncle Robert! I shall enjoy sailing this on the lake, but I'm not going to 'cross the ocean blue,' for all that!"

Tom had a keen eye for his own safety, and Uncle Robert's twinkling smile showed that he appreciated this fully. No one listened to stories of the sea with more interest than Tom, but the bravery and heroism were more to his mind than the storm and shipwreck which brought them out, and made heroes like Uncle Robert.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Tom. No one but '*born sailors*' have any business among breakers; and there is plenty of room *on land* for those who want to 'come to the rescue' of their fellow-men. While there are dangers peculiar to a 'life on the ocean wave,' there are more cruel storms often to be met, where waves have nothing to do with them. It is sadder to see *men* rolling, and pitching, and going down, overcome by an enemy they had chosen as a friend, than to see the noblest vessel go down in a storm-tossed sea. So while you amuse yourself with your mimic ship, let the name you have given it keep you in mind of chances that you will find all along your way in life, to help those in need of aid by your own example, first, and a heart always ready, when you see others struggling with temptation, with kind words and deeds, to 'Come to the rescue.'"

ANTICIPATION.

GOOD-BYE to skates, good-bye to sleds,
Good-bye to winter weather,
We're glad enough to say it, though
We've had good times together.

But now the spring has come, and so
We seek for other pleasures,
And bring our kites and tops and hoops
From out our childish treasures.

We're glad to feel beneath our feet
The tender grass-blades springing,
And see the blossoms on the trees,
And hear the sweet birds singing.

For by these pleasant signs we know
The summer is advancing,
When flowers blow and meadows bloom,
And sunny brooks are dancing.

Oh then, when mount and hill are green,
And fields are white with clover,
Won't it be fun when school is done
To go and roam them over?

A VAIN man's motto is: "Win gold, and wear it;" a generous, "Win gold, and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold, and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold, and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold, and lend it;" a gambler's, "Win gold, and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold, and use it."

For The Banner.

AN OLD ENEMY.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

An express train stopped at Dunlap, and among the incoming passengers was a young man with an anxious, weather-beaten face, dressed in coarse clothes. He approached a vacant seat, and threw his valise on to the rack above. Then he lifted his umbrella, intending to deposit it in the same place, but in doing so, he accidentally struck violently the temple of a gentleman occupying the seat in front of him, with the sharp end of the umbrella. The injured man clapped his hand to his head, and a low groan of pain burst from his lips.

A loud, frightful oath followed, and he exclaimed angrily: "You careless blockhead. You've nearly dashed my brains out," ending with another oath.

"I am very sorry I have hurt you," answered the young man in a greatly troubled voice.

Soon an expression of deepest grief and mortification overspread the face of the passenger in front, and he cried loudly, "I have just taken the name of God in vain. I have been swearing. My fellow-passengers, I am a Christian, trying to follow my Saviour closely. When I began to walk in the King's highway, I had three terrible enemies to contend with. I had a long, dreadful battle with tobacco, and my appetite for liquor, but came off conqueror over both. I had heard oaths from childhood, and swearing had become a second nature, and this last old enemy has just seized me in a moment of pain, and I have taken the name of God in vain. I ask the pardon of all present for forcing them to hear such wicked words."

The people around listened with great interest to this humiliating confession. Then the owner of the umbrella said respectfully: "You say, sir, you are a Christian. May I ask *how* you know? I want to lead a better life. The same three enemies that once held you in bondage, have control of me. How did you break away from them? Oh, tell me," in moving entreaty.

"I could not serve two masters," replied the gentleman, fixing his eyes pityingly on the young man, "and I chose to serve the Lord. I put my case before Him in prayer and supplication, and told Him I wanted to lead a Christian life, but was afraid I should fail. I made every effort it was possible for a man to make to conquer old habits; then I left the *rest* to Jesus. He was tempted as I was, and did not fall, and I knew He could help me. I have not touched tobacco or tasted a drop of liquor in five years. and this is the first time I have been guilty of swearing for months."

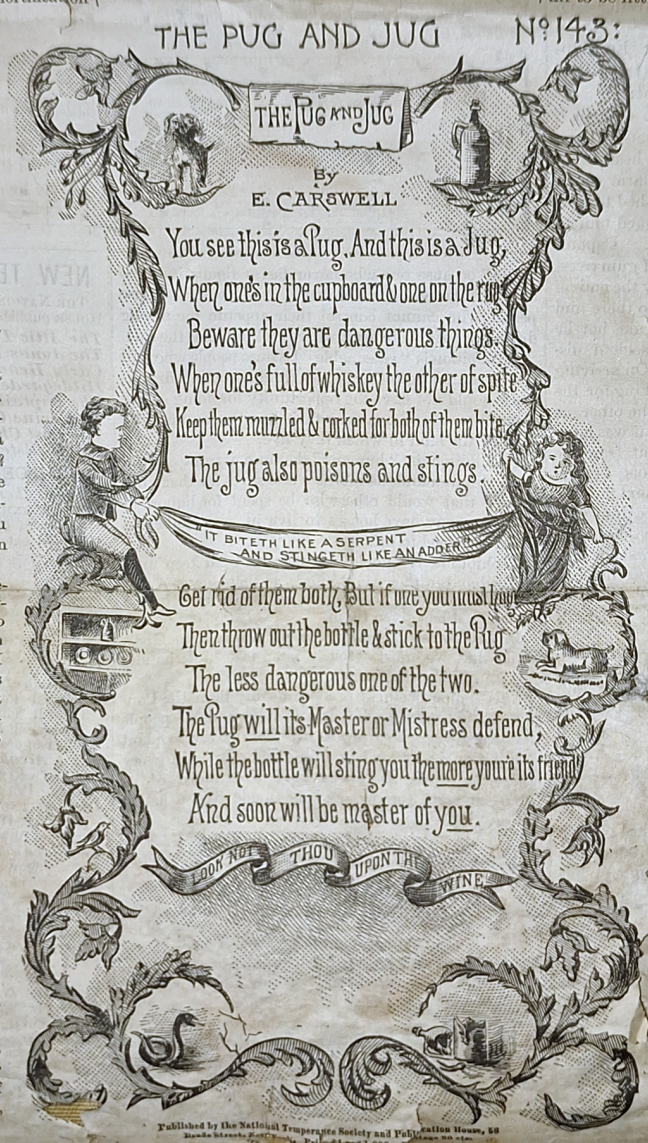
There was a short silence, then he continued: "You ask how I know I am a Christian; because my heart is full of *love* for every human being, and love is born of God. It comes from Heaven. While I was guided by my own evil inclinations, my heart was often full of hatred for my brother man, but after I became a new man in Christ Jesus, every bitter thought of hate left me, and deep, sweet love for every living being took full possession of me, and I knew by that I was a Christian, walking with Christ by my side."

Just a little, patient maiden,
Shy and sweet, and pale and slight,
Leading home a drunken father
On a dreary winter's night.

Such a simple, common picture—
Strange that it should haunt me so,
Calling up a thousand fancies
Of great sin and want and woe.

And I try, yet can't forget it,
Still it lingers full in sight:
Little maid and drunken father
Stumbling homeward in the night.

I AM only one; but I am one;
I cannot do everything; but I can do something;
What I can do, I ought to do;
And what I ought to do, by the grace of God I will do.



Fanny knew that her mother was thinking about her father, who was a sea-captain, away off on the ocean. He was often in great danger from the stormy winds and waves, but he was exposed to a greater danger still than the fury of the tempest, for he could not resist the temptation of strong drink, and, though for months he would strive against it, yet sometimes he would be led away and would bring grief and sorrow upon his wife and children.

And though he was always sorry afterward, he was never willing to take the pledge, as he thought he was quite strong enough to resist temptation without that, and also that it would be, as he said, "signing away his liberty."

One day, at the meeting of the Loyal Legion, the Superintendent told the children that she would give pledge-books to any who chose to try and get some of their friends to sign the pledge, as she wanted them all to be little *workers* for temperance.

Fanny thought she would take one, and her teacher said to her, "How nice it would be if your papa would write his name the very first in your book!" So Fanny went home, and without telling her mamma anything about it, she wrote a little letter to her father, and sent it and the book away. What she said I do not know, but I will tell you what was told to us by a sailor some months after that at a meeting of our W. C. T. Union. He said, "Ladies, you are doing more good than you know. When our ship was lying in Boston harbor, one day, the order came that all hands were to go aft to the captain's cabin. We did not know what was up, but we went, wondering what was the matter. When we went in the cabin, the captain was sitting at his table with a letter in his hand and a little book on the table in front of him. Says he: 'Boys, I want to read you this letter from my little girl, and then I am going to write my name in this book, and I want you all to do the same, for,' says he, 'I want this to be a temperance ship, and if there is any man on board who doesn't want to be a temperance man, I don't want him—he can go ashore.' So he read us the letter, and then he signed—and every man on board that ship signed, and I tell you I was glad, for it was a different ship after that."

That was the *sailor's* story; but I must tell you, that within a month after the pledge-book was given to little Fanny she came running joyfully to her teacher one morning with it, and there, on the first page, were the signatures of the whole ship's company! And her father wrote her a lovely letter, and told her he was going to ask God to help him keep the pledge he had taken, and to tell the Loyal Legion that they had a whole ship's crew on their books now! You may be sure that there was joy in Fanny's home, and in Fanny's heart too, and her teacher thanked God that He had blessed the dear little girl's efforts to save her dear father from the curse of strong drink.

God can use the smallest and youngest child who tries to do His will, and prays to Him for His blessing.

THE PUG OR JUG—Which do you see, Mr. Carswell? You know he is very handy with his pencil, and he has designed four illustrated handbills, one of which we here show you. The other three are entitled, "Which will you take?" "What does it Cost?" "Truth in a Nutshell."

A WORD ABOUT BEER.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT said recently: "Do you know that there is not a thought in a hogshead of beer; that there is not an idea in a whole brewery? I mean that nothing of merit was ever written under the inspiration of lager-beer. It stupefies without invigorating, and its effect upon the brain is to stagnate thought." Then, too, physicians say, that, other things being equal, the beer-drinker has a much smaller chance of recovery from serious illness or a surgical operation than the one who abstains. Why? His whole system is poisoned by beer.

FOR THE BANNER.

THE PICTURE.

BY JENNY L. ENO.

Long ago I saw a picture,
And it still comes into view
All so clear, I almost fancy
I could sketch it out for you.

It was in no famed collection
Where soft rays so gently fall,
Bringing out the lights and shadows
To be seen and praised by all.

'Twas no saint or sweet madonna,
No fair landscape stretching wide;
No bright sunlight, no soft moonlight;
No incoming ocean tide.

It was in a dingy alley,
Underneath a wintry sky,
Lit up by the flaming gaslight,
Jeered at by the passers-by.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A Fact.

BY E. J. A.

A DEAR little girl, whom we will call Fanny Burton, belonged to the Loyal Temperance Legion, in the town where she lived. There were a great many boys and girls in the Legion, and they all enjoyed their meetings very greatly, and to have heard their fresh young voices, and to have looked into their bright merry faces as they sang their temperance songs, I am sure you would have thought every one of them was thoroughly in earnest. Fanny was, at any rate: and she felt that even though she was "but a very little girl," still she might be a *worker* as her teacher told her.

Fanny had a happy home and dear little brothers and sisters; but sometimes there was a shadow on her mamma's kind face, and tears in her dear eyes. Then

For The Banner.

A WONDERFUL TREE.

A BLACKBOARD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

BY MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

HERE we have a branch of the wonderful Eucalyptus tree. This tree is both a pump and a well at the same time. It is a pump because it draws water from the soil; so do all trees more or less. It is a well because it holds the water in its roots. The experience of a traveller in Australia with the Eucalyptus tree is thus told:

"That night they all lay down to rest without a drop of moisture for their parched throats. Tiger crept close up to his master, and laid his head upon his shoulder, as if he knew the serious alarm which that master felt for his dear horse, and wished to console him. In the morning Kinchela begged him to take his glass and 'look for much tree.' Captain Spencer obeyed, and did see a long range of gum trees, the news of which was joyfully received by the native, and he entreated his master to let him go there and look for water. Tiger was stiff and languid, but he roused himself at words which he had seldom disobeyed, and slowly followed to the trees. On arriving they proved to be the Eucalypti, and asking for the spade, Kinchela quickly ran from one to the other, as if to select the best. He stopped at one that was large and healthy; he dug at a few feet distant from the trunk, and came to some of the lateral roots; he laid them bare; and breaking one on the side next the tree, he lifted up the root, and his master helped him take several feet of it out of the soil. He then divided it into pieces from six to eight inches long, shook one into the can, and water came out of it, spreading like a fan; the others he placed in the cans, and the liquid freely r. from them. . . . The discovery revived his cheerful anticipations, and gaily did he start again with full cans and skins, for he hoped they should be able to travel from one set of trees to another, and never again know privation." It would seem that God in His kind providence had by means of the Eucalyptus tree stored up water for thirsty men and animals in lands where water is scarce.

Now I will tell you of something very interesting about the Eucalyptus tree. Several years ago Eucalyptus trees were planted all over what is called the Pontine marshes. These marshes are just outside of Rome, and they have been thought to produce the dreaded "Roman fever." A great deal of money has been spent for machinery to drain them, but with little or no result. At last some one thought of draining them by Eucalyptus trees. It was a happy thought. Hundreds of the trees were planted, and silently and ceaselessly those *pump-trees* went to work, and the marshes were drained.

Last summer when I visited California I saw Eucalyptus trees growing everywhere. I was glad to see them, for I thought of the interesting things I have been telling you. I gathered a branch at Santa Clara.

I give you a picture of that branch in this lesson. Are you wondering why I should choose the Eucalyptus tree for a temperance lesson? I will tell you why: I was told out in Ca[illegible] temperance people it is called the "Prohibition tree." "Why?" I asked. "Because it drinks so much water, to be sure," was the answer. A prohibition tree! Well, then, I must make the leaves of it talk for temperance. Trees do

have a way of talking, you know. Pine trees moan; aspen trees make a glad clatter; the great elms seem to be always sighing, but this "Prohibition tree," what does it say to us? It tells us that prohibition is "safe" because one who never tastes liquor is in no danger of becoming a drunkard. It is "wise," because people who cannot control their appetite for strong drink are not able to get it where prohibition is the rule.

Prohibition is "reasonable" because people who will not or cannot keep themselves from becoming drunkards should not have the opportunity for doing so, for their own sake, the sake of their families, and for the sake of the land in which they live.

Prohibition is "humane" because it protects the little children and the mothers and saves for them the money that would otherwise be spent for liquor, so that they may have houses to live in, and clothes to wear, and food to eat.

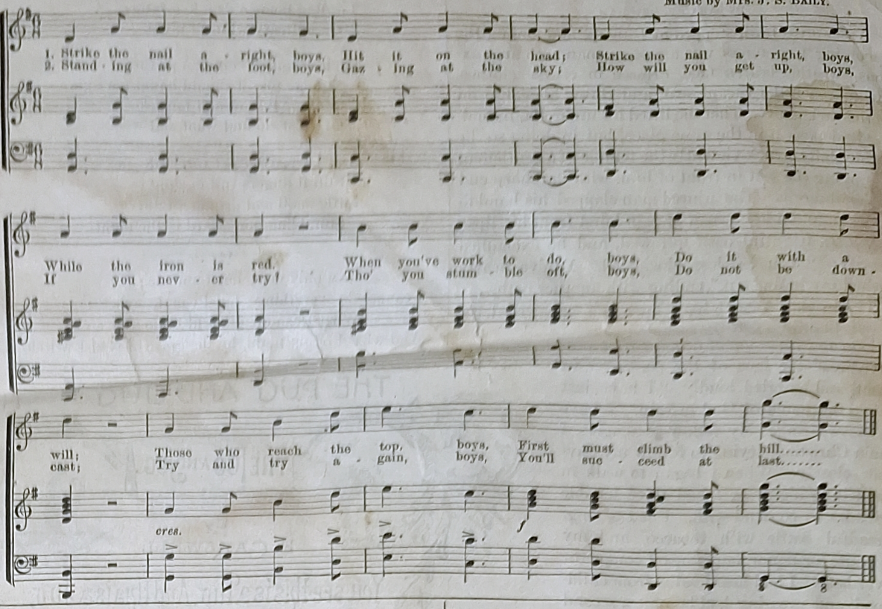
Prohibition is "noble" because it would keep men clothed and in their right minds, so that they can use to best advantage the wonderful minds and bodies which God has given them.

Prohibition is "godly," for we are told in God's book that we must "touch not; taste not; handle not," anything that is evil.

This liquor business is more deadly than the Pontine marshes, for hundreds and thousands of people die every year because of it. Let us try to plant prohibition in every home, in every town, in every State, and then shall our land be drained of its crime and its sorrow, and be made like a happy valley.

TRY AGAIN.

Music by Mrs. J. S. BAILY.



DON'T CARE.

I KNOW a wicked, idle snake,
A sly and harmful sprite,
Whose head is soft, whose limbs are weak,
Who yet in wrong has might.

Now would you know this demon's name
And shun his hurtful snare
In order to defeat his aim?
I speak it loud: "Don't Care."

He finds his way within the home,
And rules the children there,
The parents' hearts are full of gloom
Because of old "Don't Care."

Just take him by the throat, my boy,
With manly strength and fear,
Lest he in [illegible]
This monster rude, "Don't Care."

And you, my lass, my blooming rose,
I whisper soft, "Beware":
There's none among your many foes
Can harm you like "Don't Care."

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